

palace by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: A lot - Freeform, Angst, F/M, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Sad, mike doesn't know how to deal with feelings, mike misses eleven

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Characters: Demogorgon (Stranger Things), Eleven (Stranger Things), Karen Wheeler, Mike Wheeler, Ted Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

On some days, he wondered. He wondered why the hell God had placed El in his life, taking her out after he had fallen for her.

palace

Author's Note:

hello!! this is my first work in this fandom :DD i'm 14 and i've done a few writing pieces before but grappling with feelings is really cool. hope u like it!

When he pictures his memories, they are dulled. They are frayed. And it really hurts like a bitch.

She had been a whirlwind, rushing out of his life as fast as she has rushed into it. Never, in his twelve years of life, had he felt something like this, something so powerful that made him feel like his heart would beat out of his chest, like all the air was kicked out of his lungs when he looked at her. It was such a beautiful feeling, yet such a dangerous game to play. Before he knew it, he was sucked under her spell, while she remained completely and utterly oblivious to his inner turmoil.

That one, exceptional, phenomenal peck on the lips made him feel like he was floating on clouds. He grimaced at how cliché that sounded, but there was no other way to describe it. He was floating into the sky with no intention to stop.

The Demogorgon tore Mike's wings.

He watched in agony as she sacrificed herself, her last words directed to him.

"Goodbye, Mike."

And just like that, she was gone. Vanished into thin air. He screamed for her. He wailed. He wished nothing more for it to be one big, bad nightmare and for him to wake up just meters away from her. Come morning, and the makeshift fort was the same as it had been the day before.

He crawled over to it and curled up into her blanket. He didn't come out for five days.

His parents didn't understand. Of course they didn't. How the hell could he expect them to understand? All they did was yell and reprimand him for all he did wrong, no "Mike, you actually came out today!" or "You remembered to eat!" No, it was "What the hell is wrong with you?"

In school, all he could think about was her. How she tried to warn them. How he lost his temper. How he couldn't save her even though she saved him.

Mike Wheeler lost the spark in his eyes that day.

The party had kept trying to retrieve their old friend back, their Mike. He was lost in his memories with her.

On some days, he wondered. He wondered why the hell God had placed El in his life, taking her out after he had fallen for her. He wondered what the hell he did to deserve his heart shatter into tiny, tiny pieces he couldn't place back together. It was as if El had taken them with her, in her pocket, with no intention of giving them back.

The shell of Mike walks around every day, straight A's dropping to C's, 4 friends dropping to 3, and reasons to try dropping to 0.

So, at the end of the day, Mike wipes at his eyes with the bloody sleeves of his shirt, attempts a smile, picks up his SuperCom, and he hopes.

Hope doesn't always pay off, though.

Author's Note:

hey sorry if this is bad i wrote this depressed&sleep
deprived at 4am last week haha!
totally based on the song palace by sam smith